

How Strong Drink Affected Him.
The barkeeper was about to close up. He had said several times, and had put out all the lights but one. Only a stranger remained—a dark, sad-looking man, who sat demurely on a stool and kept his thumb revolving around each other like white mice turning a wheel.

When the coast was clear he stepped up to the bar and said softly:

"May I whisper a word in your ear?"

"You may, mister, if you'll be quick about it," replied the drink-mixer, with his hand on the lamp screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your best whisky for family sickness," said the stranger, drawing out an ancient wallet with twenty fathoms of leather string wound around it a well-worn wallet that looked as if it had been used to hold a flask of whisky for family sickness.

"The barman filled him up a pint, wiped down the flask until it squeaked, showed the bottle dry, and sat it upon the counter.

"The air is getting a little tartish," soliloquized the stranger. "Would you have any objections to my taking a little refresher from my bottle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full; took it as he did paragon in the days of his infancy, and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night has far waned, and my family are in their spindly spring ends in their trundles, you had better put my bottle away on the upper shelf, and when Phobos Apollo begins to catter his golden prancers along the avenues of the purpling East, I will call for it, and you may then assume the appropriate amount of ducats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar and began to kick him.

"What?" he said sweetly, "you kick me after I have drunk? You don't know better than that? Kick me with both feet—I cannot feel you even then. Before I get that glass if you had but shook your fat at me you would have wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn the physical punishment. Good-night," said he, as he stood on the doorstep, "I see by the shadow on the sidewalk that you have kicked me again. You should remember my irascible publican, what the dear old poet said: 'Fate cannot harm me now; I have died to-day.' So say I. I have drunk to-night, Good-night, taverner! How much the sparkling ferment looks like a far-off city, lit up for a fatal night! Farewell! I shall see you later."—[Providence Journal.]

An Era of Good Feeling.

Our exchanges, as they come in to us, show even more plainly than the telegrams which reached us earlier that the whole American people have not been so aroused since the end of the war as now. The only feeling is absolutely unprecedented.

There is no North, South, East or West. The nation, and we may say, all foreign nations, are moved with indignation at the crime, and with sympathy and hope for the suffering victim. There was no such concentration of emotion over even the assassination of Lincoln. The event was unknown across the ocean for a fortnight, and at home the passions exulted by four years of strife had not burnt themselves out. Intelligent Southerners recognized Booth's act as a wretched mistake, and felt that it would prove an injury to them. They may also have despised the murder as cowardly and cruel, but it was not to be expected that they would share the grief of those who looked upon the slain President as a martyr in the cause of liberty. There is no such sectional difference now. Party conflicts have been forgotten, and an entire people are swayed by the same emotions. The situation is as inspiring as it is peculiar, and will long be remembered as one of those rare occasions in the history of the world which may most emphatically be styled an era of good feeling. Christendom for once displays a true sisterhood of States.—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

A good deal of harmless enjoyment and amusement may often be derived from what is commonly known as a "well." I am at a loss to discover any more orthodox word to convey my meaning. I must, therefore, stick to the old expression of "well." One of the oldest and best known anecdotes calculated to produce this pleasing effect is that of the young guardian returning from the Grimsby war who rubbed his hands with glue on board ship, and, in so doing, rubbed off a ring presented by his fiancée, which fell into the sea. His position was an awkward one, as she had vowed she would never marry him if he lost that ring. The story goes that, on his arrival in England, he was eating some fish at dinner, when he suddenly felt something hard in his mouth. He removed it, and what do you think it was? If the story has been well told, the audience are sure to reply, as with one voice: "The ring!" Your rejoinder is: "No, only a fish-bone."—[Whitehall Review.]

The cure for night sweats depends entirely on the cause. Malaria gives rise to it, and then the cure is quinine and arsenic. Debility may cause it. In that case tonics and good, nutritious food should be used. Consumption causes it, and the cure is sulphuric acid, ten to twenty drops in water, an hour after meals. Oxide of zinc and hydrocyanic extract pills, and, above all, atropia sulphate, one two hundredths of an grain to begin with. This must be taken with great care. Dr. Nairn, of London, says he sponges the body with tincture of belladonna, but the drug is too powerful to be used by any one but a physician.

It is stated there is a woman in Shelby county who is now seventeen years old and is the mother of four children, having married at the early age of twelve.—[Owensboro News.]

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Bottom of Page	.12	.06	.03	.01	Per Line

The First Circus "Ad" of Wyoming.

A young man with the good clothes of a lunkhead and the glacial, efficient look of a great man who is comfortably full, went into the Laramie City Rooming office lately, and after some mental labor produced the following, which he desired inserted for two weeks on the fourth page.

"STANFORD OF 1881.—Grand farewell to the tour of the only double-twisted, all-wool aggregation, the world's congress of wonders and torchlight procession of serene talent, headed by a living phalanx of gold-beattered chariots and winged monsters of the briny deep, followed by the most jewellike gold-all-hemlock exposition of camels with twisted tails, sapphired giraffes and speckled hyenas from Father India, speaking taboos with purple snouts. Early Rose dromedaries from Europe, slim-tailed birds of paradise, and big snakes from everywhere.

"Bear in mind the day and date.

"The Royal, Imported, Perilous Stranger of the known world will be in Laramie on its way to visit the crowded hearts of Europe, July 4, for one day only.

"Don't fail to see the bearded lady on the flying trapeze, or the wild-eyed lunatic from Keweenaw, Maine, in his scurrying swoop from the top of a flour barrel to the middle of the arena.

"Voluptuous reserved seats, made of two by four scuffling set on edge.

"Come early and secure your seats.

"This is the only whoopeemplexione show on earth."

The gentlemanly agent then gave the editor ten tickets for reserved seats and went away.

The last seen of him he was in a saloon, with his head shoved clean through his plug hat, while his whole general appearance was that of a man who is rapidly gliding into the realms of navy blue jimmies and peculiar and assorted snakes.—[New York News.]

Beers on the Preacher.

Among the inmates of a county insane asylum in a neighboring State is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and when accosted at such times causes visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the madman:

"It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?"

"It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statement of lunatics for peace sake.

"Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" again asked the lunatic.

"Yes," replied the clergyman.

"And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?"

To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic, with "damnable iteration," named one after another a dozen living royal personages, all of whom the clergyman was led to admit, had been put out of the way. Finishing his catechism, the madman turned on the clergyman and said, fiercely:

"Your dress shows you to be a minister, but you are the worst liar I ever met in my life!"

How to Make Breakfast Tender.

The best and most thoroughly certain way to make your beef tender is to stand in with the boy who drives the butcher's wagon. I discovered this while living next door to a millionaire who dealt with the meat man who supplied me. The boy driving the wagon was corruptible, like the steaks he served, and fifteen cents or so would transfer the tenderness of the millionaire's forty-cent-a-pound porterhouse to my bundle of eight-cent round. Then I would wait my appetite listening to the millionaire's hired girl wallowing the other cuts with rotting pigs, etc., as advised by Mrs. Leslie. By changing butchers as often as the millionaire did, I secured tender beef until my lease expired. Two weeks before this, however, the millionaire died with lockjaw, induced, the doctors said, by attempts to chew tough meat.—[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.]

With a face perhaps naturally overcast with a shade of sorrow at seeing her father under circumstances of great suffering, the President's daughter was on her way to her father's room. Her mother meeting her at the door stopped her and said: "No, you must not go in that way. Break away your tears and look as pleasantly as you can. That is the way your father wants to see you." Thus did this excellent woman save her wounded husband the infliction of what might have cost him pain and worry. One of the best medicines for a sick man is a cheerful countenance. The visitor who goes in with a light step, a sunny smile, a glad countenance and a merry voice can often administer more real help than an army of doctors all loaded with pills, plasters and potions. What sick people want is encouragement.

To Whiten the Hands.

With vinegar or lemon juice. Glycerine and rose water, equal parts, also good, but pure glycerine better. The skin and redness it. Burns and oatmeal put in the water will also whiten the hands. In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effective in promoting a transparent and soft surface.

This is the way a Chicago woman remembers things. "Numerous Forrest was buried the day my new hat came home. Hayes was inaugurated the Spring I made over my new silk; Dickens died when Jenny was a baby; the civil war broke out when Nellie was cutting her teeth; the King of Spain was born the year I was married."

The unkindest cut of all was when she told him, "John, I love you for your generosity, respect you for your intelligence and admire you for your persistency, but I am engaged to Bill Jones, and we must part."

"Brother Barnes is Shot."

This is the way Bristol Mailings, the sensational Stanford correspondent of the Harrodsburg Enterprise, tells of the rumor that Mr. Barnes had been assassinated.

Had the Comet switched its tail in our faces, or fell in the middle of Main Street on Wednesday last, it would not have created more excitement or consternation than the report that George O. Barnes had been shot and fatally wounded at Hyden, in Leslie county. For a while the great National calamity was overshadowed. Men, women and children congregated on street corners and other places to discuss it, and on meeting any one he or she would remark: "Brother Barnes is shot!" The telegraph office was immediately sought; the operator told the surging mass of inquirers that Hyden was a hundred miles from nowhere, and he knew not how to get information to or from such a place. The crowd again sought Main Street. By this time the news had gone several miles into the country, and from every road the people flocked to town on foot, buggy and horse, making inquiry as to the report. Later in the evening W. P. Walton, Esq., got a letter from Mr. Barnes dated at Harrodsburg, twenty miles from the scene of the reported shooting, intimating that he had serious trouble at Hyden with a lot of drunken ruffians and had left the place. The Interior Journal forthwith issued a bulletin in the following words: "George O. Barnes still lives, 'Praise the Lord.' No pencil can delineate or tongue tell the size of the load that was lifted from the minds of the people around Stanford. Mr. Barnes says he always gets notice from the Lord when to leave a place, but it is not known whether he got his information from headquarters that time or not.

Specimens of Kentucky Wit.

South Kentuckian: "Hades and confounding," is the revised ejaculation when a fellow lifts the nail on his finger instead of the one he is driving.—The indications are that the President will. Guilt-ridden.

Breckinridge News: Men should be judged by their deeds rather than by their mortgages.—Balford and Guiteau would make a rattling Presidential team for a homicidal insanity party.—We look upon the report that Gov. Blackburn is continuously filled and signed a pardon for Guiteau, as a weak invention of the enemy.

State Journal: The only hope some men have of getting to hell girls is to learn the dentistry business.—They are making a big noise over the cotton expedition to be held soon at Atlanta, Georgia. Why, we've got cotton expeditions every day in Newport, but you can't see the cotton only in your mind.

Glasgow Times: The nickel when used skillfully can make more noise in a contribution box than a silver dime.

FORCE OF HABIT.—It is stated that there is one regiment in the Russian army made up entirely of American commercial drummers.

While fighting in Central Asia they met one tribe that still clings to the old Chinese method of fighting by beating when the gong corps came on the field. The result was a terrible surprise to the Chinese. The drummers had not been well fed, and they hadn't heard a gong since they left America. The sudden and desperate rush they made in the direction from which the sound of gongs came was irresistible. It was such a rush as they made for hotel dining rooms. They swept all before them, turning defeat into victory. But they were very disappointed when they found out why the gongs were rung.

Says the Scientific American: "Here is something new. Whether it exists in fact or not, it forcibly exhibits what most people call the instinct of bees. In a hot dry valley in New South Wales the bees suffered last year from a long-continued drought. This year, says a contemporary of that Colony, the wonderful little fellows have made provision against another like trouble by filling a large number of external cells in each hive with pure water instead of honey."

Too Smart.—Some men, and boys also, are so smart as to think they can dispense with honesty. Such usually overreach themselves, as did the boy referred to here. A youngster was sent by his parent to take a letter to the postoffice and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: "Father, I saved a lot of money putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing."

Gen. Garfield once wrote the following eloquent sentence: "When 250,000 brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last the passing folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men."

The present hot spell is unparalleled since the celebrated drought of 1854, when the earth was so parched and dried up no crops of consequence were made. We well remember that awful year. It was one of the worst in farming experience, and farmers had to resort to many expedients to carry stock through the winter.—[Nashville Banner.]

A Scotch minister once said no woman could bear pain as well as a man. That is not so. Where the man who can stand having his waist squeezed so he can hardly breathe for three hours of an evening, and not even murmur.

It would be a good thing for everybody if every pistol of every kind was destroyed, and a law passed making it a penal offense to ever make another. They are a wholly useless and vicious nuisance.—[Inter-Ocean.]

Southern Antidote for Malaria.

It should be generally known that Simons Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Zello & Co., is relied upon to secure to the people immunity from all malarial disorders. That this medicine does what is claimed for it is proved by its popularity, and any one who has lived in the South three years has no doubt seen its curative power and the protection it gives against the return of this weakening and dangerous malady.

Miss Jennie Jones's Delicate Advice

The choice of underwear is a great element in its coolness and daintiness of Summer dress. Square cut and neatly made combination garments of this but not very fine balise are best for workers who cannot afford linen, lawn and cambric.

For silks, they should only be worn occasionally, even by the rich, in Summer, as they will not look well or remain soft after many washings, and cleanliness in hot weather requires frequent changes. A gauze shirt of wool or India silk is recommended under the combination garment for comfort, health, neatness, and the preservation of outer clothing. It does not add perceptibly to warmth, it can be changed often, and it absorbs that unpleasant moisture which, in the case of stout women, so often makes dreadful havoc with clothes.

It is noticeable that ladies who make a great display on occasions during warm weather are apt to be slovenly in the interval; they keep up the pressure all the time, and they alternate between dragging about a long train and displaying before the gaze of the multitude a most elaborate contrived, from hair-pine down to highly embroidered hose, and lounging in tangled hair, sack and short skirt for the benefit of whoever has the right to share their privacy. There is no delicacy, no innate refinement in a habit of this kind.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Another Revision.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star," the nursery rhyme so familiar to everybody, has been revised by a Committee of eminent scholars, with the following result. Shine with irregular intermittent light. Sparkle at intervals, diminutive human heavenly body!

How I conjecture, with surprise, not unmingled with uncertainty, what you are, located, apparently, at such a remote distance from, and at a height so vastly superior to, this earth, the planet, we inhabit.

Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal of pure carbon, set in the aerial region surrounding the earth.

"O, Swad out with the astro gilepsians. See Hesio. Pro mea benevolentia. Act. Mediar. Pp. 92. Quisque nungum satis, vol. II, chap. 78, § XIV. Also, Hey Didul Theat antef. Hildot. § XI. Pp. 672, lb.

Not found in the MSS. of the 29th Century. Hunc dunc. V. Hugo Dusenbury: Sine vire, Puck; vol. XV, Pp. 93-97; objected to by the English Committee.

"This may also be rendered, 'a long ways.'"

"In the Volgate, 'like a diamond.'"

In one of his most eloquent speeches President Garfield once appealed to the young men of the country not to tie themselves to obsolete ideas and tendencies, and cried: "Don't make your home among the dead." The same advice, in the same earnest words, will be of service to those who still look to Mr. Conkling as their leader. Mr. Conkling and the Stalwart faction have gone the way of all the earth, and will presently be heard of no more. Men who doubt or deny this are making a political mistake to their own hurt. The first requisite for a successful or useful politician is that he shall be able to recognize facts. Shutting the eyes to unwelcome facts hurts no one except the man who is willfully blind.—[New York Tribune.]

A TIME-HONORED REMEDY.—"Uncle Pompey," said Col. M. to a former slave, "I hear that some of you darkeys down on the lower place are afflicted with the itch." "Bein' as it's you, boss," replied old Pompey, hesitatingly, "I mus' confess dat de Lawd has seed fit to afflict us dat way, for a fact." "Ah! Dine anything for it?" "Yes, sah; oh, yes, sah." "What?" "Why, we—er—we an scratchin' fer it."

The following notice by a Virginia blacksmith indicates Readjuster sentiment on the part of Mose's partner. It will also be read with interest in Tennessee: Notice.—De copartnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. I am what owes de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose.—[Nashville American.]

The revised Testament isn't a go from the start. Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, has informed his clergy that none of them is at liberty publicly to use any other version of the Scripture than the King James Bible, and publishing houses with a large stock of the old book on hand never will give up King James unless for cash over the counter.—[Chicago Times.]

The awful and wonderful amount of leg exhibited by young ladies up to 14 is being severely animadverted on in London. The French call the fashion *mode a la reine de paille*, because lackeys alone display the shape of their leg to the knee. The young Princesses of Wales do not adopt the prevailing mode. Their dresses reach just above the ankle.

A curious coincidence is found in the fact that the nurse who attended the President at the time of his birth died about the hour the assassin attempted his life. Her name was Mrs. Stewart C. Gardner, and she died at the residence of her son, A. J. Gardner, in Mason township, near Dowagiac, Mich., at the age of 57 years.—[Wells.]

"What are you crying about, my lad?" said the Good Samaritan to an urchin who was churning both eyes with his dirty fists. "Folks have all gone to the country for the Summer and left me here alone." "Unfeeling pa renter, where have they gone to?" "Ma's gone to the poorhouse and pop's gone to the penitentiary."

Cincinnati Enquirer: A couple of daily newspapers published at Connersville, Indiana, have suspended until September. Persons not in the profession have little idea of the difficulties attending the publication of a daily newspaper this hot weather. The paste pots are so!

President Garfield's relatives in Ohio say that with the exception of an attack of fever and ague years ago when a boy, and occasional twinges of dyspepsia in late years, he has never been ill. His habit has always been to live on plain, substantial food, and he has never indulged in late suppers.

Health, the poor man's riches, and the rich man's bliss, is maintained by the judicious use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens and invigorates the system by purifying the blood. It is so highly concentrated that it is the most economical medicine for this purpose that can be used.

The average woman is composed of 245 bones, 199 muscles, 22 odd newspapers and 210 hair-pins.

A Good House-More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in buying stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays."—H. W. Detroit, Mich.—[Free Press.]

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Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel.

Parse Nitron Glaze the administered when required.

NOTICE

I WILL BE IN STANFORD TWO WEEKS of each month, from first Monday, and in Lexington two weeks of each month, from third Monday. Office in St. Asaph Hotel, over Mattingly & Son's store. [See sign.]

40-41 R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.

CONFECTIONERY

AND LUNCH HOUSE!

THE CITIZENS OF LEXINGTON ARE respectfully informed that I have opened a full line of Confectioneries of all kinds in Stanford, next door to McAlister and Stage, and in addition, will serve

HOT LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS.

Cake, loaf bread, etc., always on hand and orders filled on the shortest notice. 40-41 JOHN T. HIGGINS.

J. T. HARRIS, The Proprietor of the Commercial Hotel.

Has opened a new Meat and Provision Store

Just opposite the St. Asaph Hotel, and will keep Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Fruits.

And will pay cash for all kinds of Country Produce, Hides, Sheepskins, Furs, etc. Prices reasonable. Give him a call. 40-41

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This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to the Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Library is attached.

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SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR Commercial Travelers.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of FURNITURE!!

MATTRESSES, CHAIRS, Parlor Suits, &c.

Nos. 9 and 11 East Pearl Street, CINCINNATI, O.

YOU WILL SAVE 10 TO 15 PER CENT. ON A lot of goods at our house.

French Dressing Case Sets, Marble-Top with Large Glass, At \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75 & Upwards.

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We warrant all our goods to be made of thorough and selected material, and to give entire satisfaction. No charge for packing or cartage. All goods delivered in best or railroad free of charge.

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Nos. 9 & 11 East Pearl St., Lower Side, Near Main, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GO TO SEVERANCE, DUDDER & CO.

-FOR- DRY GOODS, HATS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, &C.

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Fruit Jars of all Kinds, Tin Fruit Cans,

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Fly Traps, Wire Dish Covers, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers,

Fluting Machines, Milk Cocks, Churns and Jars